

THE  
**WEEKLY VISITOR,**  
 OR,  
**LADIES' MISCELLANY.**

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
 "TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, March 24, 1804.

[No. 77]

THE STORY OF  
 THEODOSIUS AND  
 CONSTANTIA.

**C**ONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money.

Theodosius was the younger son of a decayed family; of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person, and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression on her heart as it was impossible for time to efface: He was himself no less smitten with Constantia. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives.

It unfortunately happened that, in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the

one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbade him his house and charged his daughter, upon her duty, never to see him more. In the mean time to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favorable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman, of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted the affair so well that he told Constantia it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day.

Constantia, who was over-awed by the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing to so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overtire of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions, which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, wrote the following letter to Constantia.

"The thought of my Constantia, which for some years has been my only

happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's? The streams, the fields and meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; life itself has become a burthen. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as

Theodosius."

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father's house, one after another, to enquire if they had heard any thing of Theodosius, who it seems, had left his chamber about midnight, and could nowhere be found. The deep melancholy which had hung upon his mind sometime before made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. Constantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him into such extremities, was not to be comforted; She now accused herself of having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon her new lover as the murderer of Theodosius: In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and

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likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter, and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a match of convenience than of love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquility, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly in the 25th year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighboring city, in order to look out for a sisterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent, who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is usual in the Romish church for those who are under any great affliction or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent Confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated Father.

We must now return to Theodosius, who, the very morning that the above mentioned enquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city where now Constantia resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the Fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to enquire after Constantia; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to be solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she nor any other, besides the Prior of the convent, knew

any thing of his name or family.—The gay, the amiable Theodosius, had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventional.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia, kneeling by him, opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out into tears, and entered upon that part of the story, in which he himself had so great a share. My behavior, says she, has, I fear, been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me while he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death.—She here paused, and lifted up her eyes that streamed with tears toward the Father; who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sabbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The Father could not forbear weeping aloud insomuch that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. Constantia, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theodosius.

The Father, who, by this time, had pretty well composed himself, burst out again into tears upon hearing that name, to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this instance of an unparalleled fidelity from one who, he thought had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrows, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time, be comforted—to tell her that her sins were forgiven her—that her guilt was not so great as she apprehended—that she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form; di-

recting her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolution she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behavior in it. Constantia retired, and the next morning renewed her applications.

Theodosius having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could, to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding, with a promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy veil.

The rules of our respective orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, which it is not in the power of the world to give.

Constantia's heart was so elevated with the discourse of Father Francis, that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the Abbess, into her own apartment.

The Abbess had been informed the night before of all that passed between her novitiate and Father Francis, from whom she now delivered her the following letter.

'As the first fruits of those joys and consolations which you may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that Theodosius, whose death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, is still alive; and that the father to whom you have confessed yourself, was once that Theodosius whom you so much lament. The love which we have had for one another, will make us more happy in its disappointment, than it could have done in its success. Providence has disposed of us for our advantage, though not according to our wishes. Consider your Theodosius still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray for you in Father

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Constantia saw the hand writing agreed with the contents of the letter; and upon reflecting on the voice, the person, the behavior, and above all the extreme sorrow of the Father, during her confession, she discovered Theodosius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, it is enough, says she, Theodosius is still in being; I shall live with comfort and die in peace.

The letters\* which the Father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young religious to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened that after Constantia had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others Theodosius. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction, in a very moving manner, to Constantia; who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious.

In the interval which generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the Abbess finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that Theodosius was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. Constantia received it with pleasure: and now, says she, if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by Theodosius. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it.—She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short latin inscription on them to the following purpose.

Here lie the bodies of Father Francis and Sister Constance. They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.

\* This CORRESPONDENCE is lately published in this city, by Mr. J. Oram, 102, Water-street.



### Selected Biography.

#### MADAME MARA.

IT is said of Homer that though seven cities of Greece contended for the honor of having given birth to that eminent son of the muses, yet that, during his life, he was a miserable suppliant, for common charity, in those very places which so anxiously struggled for the renown of his nativity. What was thus said of the memorable bard of Greece, may in one respect, apply to the present subject of our notice, who, according to report, was born in various places. Some have asserted that Madame Mara first saw the light in Ireland, some in Canterbury, some in Bristol, some in Wales, and others have ascribed to Exeter the honor of presenting to the world this accomplished performer. We are, however, enabled, upon the authority of a gentleman, well acquainted with her family, long before her birth, to say, that all the celebrity supposed to be connected with that event is to be ascribed to Hesse-Cassel.

Gertrude Elizabeth Schmeling was the daughter of a very respectable musician of Hesse-Cassel, who observing, at a very early period, strong marks of great musical genius in his daughter, determined to give her all the aid that the best masters could impart, in addition to his own unremitting instructions.

The little syren, even in infancy, was distinguished for the sweetness and compass of her voice, and for the taste and expression which characterised all her performances.

Her first appearance on the public stage, was in the Opera at Berlin, where she attracted the notice of the immortal Frederick, who honored her with several marks of his private friendship and esteem. While she was in the zenith of her glory, at the court of Prussia, and equally distinguished for unrivalled vocal powers, engaging manners, an interesting person, and great mental talents, it was the good fortune of Mr. Mara to obtain, what numberless competitors had vainly solicited, the hand of Miss Schmeling, and they were married at Berlin soon after their acquaintance commenced.

The King of Prussia continued his patronage of Madame Mara and was,

indeed, so partial to her performance, that he would not suffer her to quit the kingdom, lest her success and renown in other quarters, might prevent her returning to Berlin. It was in vain that Madame Mara endeavored to obtain leave, even for the sake of health, to make a temporary visit to any other country. Frederick was inexorable to all entreaties, because he would not incur the chance of being deprived of the exquisite gratification which her performances always afforded him. By an artifice, however, Madame Mara found means to escape from this honorable captivity. She was known to be very fond of a large harpsichord, which we believe, is still in her possession, and while the King knew that the harpsichord remained at Berlin, he thought he was secure of the fair proprietor, who would have been suspected of intended flight the moment this instrument appeared to be in *loco-motion*. Mara, however, sent it to have some repairs, and instead of having it brought back to her own house, ordered it out of the kingdom, and then followed it with the utmost expedition, but not without danger, as a guard was dispatched after her as soon as her retreat was discovered; and she had hardly time to pass the boundaries of Prussia.

After signalizing her great powers in various places on the continent, she made her appearance in London, about the year 1784, and first sung at the pantheon, where the taste of a British audience at once perceived that Fame had not exaggerated her talents, but that, on the contrary, it had by no means done justice to the unexampled excellence of her singing.

When she had resided here a few years, enjoying the admiration which her great professional merit could receive from all ranks of people, and partaking, at the same time, the warm protection and friendship of many noble families of this country, she accepted an invitation to Turin, and afterwards to Venice, and then returned to the happy region of Old England, a place toward which she has always manifested great partiality.

Of the excellence of her vocal performances it is unnecessary to speak, as all the musical profession, and all persons of taste and feeling, concur in placing her far above all her competitors.

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Tone, taste, compass, expression, delicacy, sweetness, precision, and, indeed, all the qualities that constitute the fine singer, are wonderfully blendid in her performances.

Her talents have not been confined to the grand commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey, the ancient concert, the oratorios, and the Italian opera; she has been equally successful in her performance of the principal characters in our most favorite operas on the English stage.

### DESCRIPTION OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON,

*By a gentleman late from that place.*

"———This antique pile behold!  
"Where royal heads receive the sacred gold.  
"It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep,  
"Theremade like gods, like mortals, there they sleep;  
"Making the circle of their reign complete,  
"Those Sons of Empire! where they rise they set."  
*WALLER.*

**H**IStoryANS, agreeable to the legend have fixed the era of the first abbey in the 6th century, and ascribed to Sobert the honor of conducting the work, and of completing that part of it at least that now forms the east angle, which probably was all that was included in the original plan.

After the death of that pious prince, his sons, relapsing into Paganism, totally deserted the church which their father had been so zealous to erect and endow: nor was it long before the Danes destroyed what the Saxons had thus contemptuously neglected. From this period to the reign of Edward the Confessor, the first abbey remained a monument of the sacrilegious fury of the times; but by the prevailing influence of Christianity in that reign, the ruins of the ancient building were cleared away, and a most magnificent structure of the age, erected in their place. In its form it bore the figure of a cross, which afterwards became a pattern for cathedral building throughout the kingdom. That politic prince, to ingratiate himself with his clergy, not only confirmed all former endowments, but granted a new charter, in which he recited the account of St. Peter's consecration, the ravages of the Danes, and the motive which prompted him to restore the sacred edifice to its former splendor, and endow it with more ample powers and privileges. This charter concluded

with solemn imprecations against all who should, in time to come, dare to deface or demolish any part of the building, or infringe on the rights of its priesthood.

Henry 3d not only pulled down and enlarged the plan of the ancient abbey, but added a chapel which he dedicated to the blessed Virgin; but it was not till the reign of Henry 7th, that the stately and magnificent chapel, now known by his name, was planned and executed. Of this chapel the first stone was laid on the 24th January, 1502, and when completed, was dedicated like the former chapel, to the blessed Virgin. Henry designing this as burying place for himself and his successors, expressly enjoined by his will that none but those of the blood royal should be inhumed therein.

From the death of Henry 7th, till the reign of William and Mary, no care was taken to preserve the ancient church.—By the robberies made upon it by Henry 8th, and the ravages it sustained during the unhappy civil commotions, its ancient beauty was in a great measure destroyed, nor did their majesties go about to restore it till it became an object of parliamentary attention, and till a considerable sum was voted for that purpose only. This vote being passed, Sir Christopher Wren was employed to decorate and give it a thorough repair, which that able architect so skilfully and faithfully executed, that the building is thought at this day to want none of its original strength, and to have even acquired additional majesty by two new towers; and by a new choir, which is a late improvement, it is made more commodious for the celebration of divine worship, and for solemnizing those more splendid ceremonies, to which it is appropriated at the coronation of the kings.

What will principally engage attention, in viewing the outside of the building (the new towers excepted) is the magnificent portico leading into the north cross, which by some has been stiled the Beautiful or Solomon's gate. The portico is Gothic, and extremely beautiful, and over it is a most magnificent window of modern design, but admirably executed. On the south side may be seen a window set up in 1705, which is likewise very masterly. Besides these there is nothing in the outward appearance to dwell upon.

*(To be continued.)*

### METHOD OF TREATING THAT EXCRUCIATING COMPLAINT INCIDENT TO MARRIED LADIES,— SORE NIPPLES.

*Br Dr. Willich.*

**T**HE nipples of females, when sucking their first child, are frequently so diminutive and deep within the breasts, as to render it difficult or impracticable for the infant to extract the milk. In such cases the young mother should frequently, though cautiously, protrude the nipple between her fingers, by depressing the projecting part of the breast; and afterwards covering the protuberances with an excavated nutmeg, to be worn several weeks previous to her delivery. But, if this expedient prove insufficient, it will be advisable to draw the breasts, either by presenting them to a healthy infant several months old, or by applying Mr. Savigny's small air-pump contrived for that purpose; and which is far preferable to the common breast-glasses, as well as to the disgusting practice of employing quadrupeds.

Another inconvenience incident to nipples frequently arises from chaps, or excoriations. These are not only painful to the mother, but also prevent the infant from drawing the necessary supply of milk. In some instances, even part of the substance of the nipple is destroyed by violent suction; so that the mother, from the intense pain thus occasioned, is obliged to refuse the breast; and a stagnation of the milk takes place, which is often accompanied with ulcerations and fever. To prevent such dangerous affections, the practice of raising the nipples, as before suggested, should be timely adopted; but, if the parts be already in a diseased state, it will then be useful to bathe them with lime-water, or diluted port wine; after which, the nipple should be dressed with a little spermaceti ointment. Before, however, such applications are resorted to, it will be preferable to anoint the sore part with a composition of white wax and olive oil, and to cover it with a fine linen rag; by which simple means great relief may often be obtained.

These remedies will, in general, be found sufficient; but, if the nipple receives no benefit, it has been recommended to apply the neck, together with part of the body, of a hog's bladder (or cow's teat taken from a healthy

animal), to the part affected. Either of these, if properly moistened and fixed to the breast, will effectually protect it while the infant is sucking; and when not in use, the bladder or teat may be preserved in a little spirit of wine, which will prevent it from putrefying.

#### THE AFRICAN:

*A Sketch.*

SAMBO was the chief of a tribe of Africans; he was manly and vigorous as the lion that ranges sole master of the forests. Beloved by the daughter of a neighboring chieftain, on whom he doated to enthusiasm, he was as happy as man could be. His Orra was lovely, virtuous, and mild; and they were soon to have been united by the closest ties.

As Sambo was one evening returning from his beloved Orra, after having fixed the day that was to celebrate their marriage, often turning to catch another glimpse of the hut that contained her, a party of Europeans rushed from a thicket, and, alike inexorable to his persuasions, struggles, or remonstrances, bore him away to a ship that was at anchor near, and confined him a slave!

When Orra was informed of the dreadful circumstance by some natives who had witnessed it, but who, from the superior numbers of the Europeans, dared not (fearful for their own safety) attempt to rescue him, the shock was too violent for her tender nature; it proved instantly fatal:—she fainted, dropped, and rose no more?

In the mean time, the ship in which Sambo was confined set sail; and thus, bereaved of every hope of returning to his friends and country, he was driven to distraction!—At the still hour of midnight, when nought was heard but the moaning of his wretched companions, some of whom had buried the poignancy of their grief in a temporary oblivion, he burst his chains, and rushed on deck to contemplate with freedom his wretched fate.

"I have (said he) every thing to fear, and nothing to hope. Shall I, who was born to rule in mine own country, suffer myself to be a slave in another?"

Torn from all I hold dear on earth, shall I eat the bread and wear the bonds of servitude?—No!—honor, love and pride, forbid it!"

Wrought by his grief into a perfect frenzy, he saw, or believed he saw, the phantom of his beloved Orra skim over the surface of the salt waves, and gently chide him for so long neglecting to follow her to the mansions of peace, where no tyrant can reign. Sambo, half determined before, now resolved on his fate:—

"Yes, my Orra, I am fully persuaded that, though we are cruelly parted in this life, our union will be permanent in the next!"

"The white man in vain shall account me his slave, 'My Orra, I come,'—and he plung'd in the wave!"

Ye harmless natives of Africa, what have ye done to be thus torn from the bosoms of your families!—If education, as we are taught to believe, tends to the promotion of benevolence, and all the finer feelings of the soul, why do the more enlightened parts of the creation stain their characters by such ignoble deeds?

JULIA.

#### POVERTY AND SENTIMENT.

*A FRAGMENT.*

ONE day, as I was coming home to dinner, I perceived a poor man and woman standing near my door, in earnest discourse together. They did not observe me; and, while I was scraping the dirt off my shoes, I overheard the man utter these affectionate words:—

"Do eat it, my dear (she was pressing him to accept of a piece of bread that she held out to him with both her hands)!"

"Do eat it yourself!—indeed, I will not take it. It will do more good to you,—for I can fast."

Here my knocking at the door disturbed them, and they withdrew a few paces from me. I put my hand into my pocket to relieve their distress.

"There, good people, (said I,) there is a shilling for you:—you seem to be in want."

They received it with blessings and thanks.—When I went into the parlor, curiosity led me to the window, to see what was become of that miserable pair. I then beheld (good heaven, how my heart did bleed!), I beheld the man devouring the bread like a wolf; like a wolf, driven by cold and hunger from his forests to prey on the flocks of the plain.—No conjugal affection restrained him; no feelings for the distress of his mate: she had now got wherewithal to purchase a dinner, and he could make his meal on the crust of bread!

I called my dear friend to the window:—"There, Mary, behold that sight!"—I told her the story, and the tears gushed from her eyes in a flood. The scene being too affecting for her compassionate heart, I led her by the hand to the fire-side.

"You see, my dear Mary, to what misery we mortals, at times, are reduced: you have been bred up in affluence and ease in your father's house, and have seen nothing but plenty in the country around. The fields, at the worst, exhibited to you the laborer, toiling to earn, with the sweat of his brow, his pittance of bread; but in the city you will behold real sorrow and distress.—Were you, like me, to walk the streets of this metropolis at night, you would behold your fellow creatures, men, women, and children, formed by the same hand of God, destitute of every necessary of life; bereft of cloathing; wanting food:—without a home in the cold and chilling frost, they are fain to take shelter under the porches of the rich, and at the doors of their fellow citizens, to pass the bleakest nights!—Who knows but such may be the lot this very night of that miserable pair?—And yet, by their wickedness or imprudence, they cannot have deserved it: they have shown me such greatness of mind, such nobleness of sentiment, in that short debate about their only crust of bread, that I am certain their lives have not been governed by vice. Perhaps, bred up in a virtuous and affluent state, they are, for unknown purposes, by the hand of heaven thus levelled with the poor.—But let us assist them as much as we can."

I ran to the door to give them a guinea; but they were gone, and were lost in a crowd of passengers in the street.

## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, March 24, 1804.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 34 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 7—by falling down stairs 1—typhus fever 1—cold 1—pleurisy 1—sudden 1—convulsions 1—old age 1—influenza 1—inflammation in the bowels 1—diarrhoea 1—small-pox 1—mortification in the bowels 1—sprue 1—jaundice 1—decline 1—cramp 1—scarlet fever 1—cholic 1—decay 1—fits 1—scrophula 1—dysentery 1—and 5 of disorders not mentioned.

Of the above 22 were adults and 12 children.

*New-York Musical Society's exhibition, for the relief of the sufferers at Norfolk.*

300 dollars (clear of expences) were raised at the mucical exhibition of this society on Tuesday last, notwithstanding there were three other public amusements advertised for the same evening!

We hear this society intend getting in forwardness Handel's grand Oratorio of the MESSIAH, for the purpose of establishing a benevolent fund.

4726 dollars were collected in the city of Baltimore, under the direction of the mayor and city council, for the relief of the citizens of Norfolk.

### CHALYBEATE SPRING.

We are authorized to state that the chemical professor in this city, has lately examined the waters of a spring in the neighborhood of Patterson, which he has pronounced to be a valuable chalybeate. We are further informed, that Doctor Stringham intends soon to furnish the public with a more particular account of its situation and properties.

[Chron.

## THE VISITOR,

### LONDON GHOST.

Notwithstanding the sad catastrophe occasioned by the Hammersmith Ghost, another apparition has appeared. This nightly wanderer has chosen St. James' Park for a place of rendezvous, where it has been regularly seen by the soldiers on guard for upwards of a week past, between the hours of one and two o'clock in the morning. A few nights ago, it was observed at a late hour by one of the Cold-stream Regiment, whilst on duty, near the Royal Cockpit. The poor fellow is ready to swear he saw pass by him a woman without a head. The more he reflected, the more terrified he became, as he knew all the Park-gates had been fastened for some hours, and therefore could not suppose it to be some one who had got into the Park for the purpose of frightening him. The soldier is sure it was not a person dressed up in a white sheet, because he could plainly discern the arms; and notwithstanding his great alarm, he observed that the shoulders of the ghost were the highest parts of it;—he therefore concluded, whatever it might be, that it had got no head. This man was considered as one of the most resolute men in the regiment.

He was, however, taken ill immediately on his leaving guard, and the next day sent to the hospital, where he still remains. On Tuesday, one of his comrades having heard of the affair, and having to take the same watch that night, was resolved to look out for the ghost, and to speak to it: accordingly, at the usual time, her ghostship paid him a visit. She appeared again without a head, and entered the Park from the end of Queen-street, near to the Royal-Cockpit. This veteran, who had often braved a cannon-ball, was now panic-struck at a shadow. He described himself to have got a *locked jaw*, and when he wanted to cry, "who comes there" he could not utter a word. Although he was *tongue-tied*, it does not appear however, he was *leg-tied*; for on the ghost seeming inclined to be better acquainted with him, he quitted his post, and ran with all possible speed to the guard-room, where he had scarce recited the dismal story to the serjeant, before he fell into strong fits, and continued so ill afterwards, that he was taken to the hospital on Wednesday, where he is now confined to his bed. Another night this *headless ghost* held its mid-

night revels in an empty house behind the armory room, and amused itself for some time in opening and shutting the windows; but what is most remarkable of all, the apparition called out as lustily for a light, as if it had got a boatswain's *head* upon its shoulders. Having finished its pranks in the empty dwelling, the soldier who was a witness to this novel scene, observed this dreadful spectre to pass by him at the distance of 50 yards, and *walk'd* over the park *faling* as easy as he could step over a straw; it then proceeded towards the canal and vanished from his sight.

There are several other stories current among the Cold-stream Regiment respecting the nocturnal gambols of this *ghost*, and it is said that several soldiers, besides those already mentioned, have seen, whilst on duty, what they suppose a supernatural phantom, which has so affected them, that they were taken ill immediately, and sent to the hospital; but, be that as it may, it is an undoubted fact, that two sentinels have been sent there from the effect of fright, whatever may have been the real cause of it.

### THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, March 16.

*Pizarro*, (from the German of Kotzebue by W. Dunlap) and *Raising the wind*, (Kenny)

SATURDAY, March 17.

*John Bull*, (Colman, the younger) and *Raymond and Agnes*.

MONDAY, MARCH 19.

*Lewis of Monte Blanco*, (third time) and *Raising the Wind* (Kenny.)

Sketch of *Lewis of Monte Blanco* continued.

O'Reilly having promised protection to the young officer asks to know his story, which Ferdinand briefly relates. He had loved the daughter of a nobleman and found his love returned. His happiness is interrupted by the pretensions of his Colonel. In an interview with his

commander he receives such improper treatment that a challenge ensues; but the Colonel instead of fighting has him tried by a court martial and condemned to be cashiered. He however finds the means of escape and has taken refuge in the mountains until his case can be represented to the king. The unsuspecting Irishman assures him of an asylum, *Margareta* doubts the reception *Don Lewis* may give him, whose hunting horns are now heard, and the young officer retires with *Margareta* to take some refreshment. *Lewis* enters and questions *O'Reilly* as to a stranger seen bending his way to the Castle, and is answered frankly that such an one has taken refuge there and is now with *Margareta*. He is then requested to send *Margareta* and *Seraphina* to *Lewis* and goes off so to do. *Don Lewis* in soliloquy congratulates himself on the success of his schemes. *Seraphina* enters, accompanied by *Margareta*, and being required to answer certain proposals of marriage made her by *Lewis*, rejects his suit with disdain. In the most spirited manner she reproaches him with having usurped her father's rights, deprived him of his liberty and perhaps life, and drag'd her by violence from her paternal roof to that Castle which he has made the abode of violence. After recapitulating the injuries sustained from him she asks "is it for this I should give you my hand?" This mode of bringing the former part of the story before the audience is the happiest which the dramatic art possesses. The author does not create a confidante for the purpose of asking such questions as the audience ought to have explained, or make one person of the drama tell another a story with which that other is fully acquainted, without any assignable reason but that of *Puff in the Critic*, because the audience dont know it, but here, the indignant sufferer recapitulates her wrongs by way of giving the utmost force to her rejection of the tyrant's offers, and the consequence is, that *Lewis*, wrought to a pitch of phrenzy, is proceeding to use violence, when the accidental appearance of the Hibernian and his gallant interference is her safeguard. Guilt stands abash'd before honest bravery and the women retire.

*Lope*, who we are informed before, is gone on business to the garrison, now returns, and *Lewis* questions him whether the courts of law had confirmed his title to the estates he holds. He is an-

swered in the negative. He enquires if the court martial had pronounced sentence on *Ferdinand*. *Lope* answers yes, but that he had escaped and it was believed had fled to the mountains. In great agitation *Lewis* resolves on the arrival of *Sebastian* and his Banditti to have the mountains searched, and leads *Lope* off to give him further orders. This act awakens attention, excites curiosity, begets interest for *Seraphina*, her lover and father, and introduces with effect the character of the generous Hibernian.

(To be continued)

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21.

*Marriage Promise, (Allingham) and Tale of Mystery (Holcroft).*



### Married,

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Henry Huffman, to Mrs. Hannah Lawrane, both of this city.

At Aquachenuck, (N. J.) on Saturday last, Mr. John Van Bussing, of this city, to Miss Jane Goetchius, of Aquachenuck.

At Chatham, (N. J.) on Monday evening, Mr. Elijah Day, merchant, of this city, to Miss Phoebe Crane, of that place.

At Charleston, (S. C.) Daniel Huger, esq. to Miss Sarah L. Lance, daughter of Col. Lambert Lance, both of that city.



### Died,

At Leghorn, whither he went for the benefit of his health, Wm. M. Seton, esq. of this city.

On Sunday morning, after a short illness, capt. Isaac Bell, aged 32.

"To the beautiful maid of Broadway," next week.

O. W.'s essay, though his subject is rather a hackneyed one, shall have a place.

### UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the "Lottery for the Encouragement of Literature, No. II," either whole, or in halves, quarters, or eighths.—Scheme as follows:

1 Prize of	25,000	60	200
1	10,000	120	100
1	5,000	200	50
3	2,000	500	20
7	1,000	9,000	10
20		500	

9,913 Prizes—23,087 Blanks—Less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  blanks to a prize—Subject to a deduction of 15 per cent. The above Lottery will commence drawing in the city of N. York, on the first Tuesday in April, 1804. N. B. Tickets examined and registered as usual—Cash paid for prizes as soon as drawn—Orders for tickets or shares, (post paid) carefully attended to. Tickets now selling for 7 dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

### W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dey-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antiseptic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

### FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual, in the neatest stile of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-street.

### Theatre.

On Saturday evening, March 24,  
WILL BE PRESENTED,

The grand drama of

### BLUE BEARD,

OR, FEMALE CURIOSITY.

To which will be added,

A Farce, in two Acts, called,

### MRS. WIGGINS.

The Theatre will be closed till Easter-Monday.

## THE VISITOR.



*For the Weekly Visitor.*

### THE WANDERER.

**R**OB'D in the gloomy garb of grief,  
A hapless female stray'd,  
Seeking from strangers that relief  
Which parents should have paid.

Adorn'd she was with native grace,  
Untinctured tho' with art,  
A soilest bloom illum'd her face,  
And gentle was her heart.

Her eyes expressive of her mind,  
Beam'd forth a radiance mild,  
And auburn ringlets unconfid'd,  
Play'd on the zephyr wild.

She walk'd with pensive step and slow,  
And heedless of the way,  
Not knowing where for aid to go,  
Or where with safety stay.

Conscious of right mid all her woe,  
She seldom shed a tear :  
"Sure heaven presides where'er I go,"  
She'd meekly say and fear.

Thus once when near the close of day,  
A storm began its roar,  
She sunk upon the desert way,  
With hopes to rise no more.

But rest reviv'd her nerveless frame,  
Again the rose and tried  
To reach a feebly glimm'ring flame,  
That thro' the gloom she spied.

With hope she long approach'd the light,  
But all her hopes were vain,  
For sudden wrapt in clouds and night,  
She ne'er appear'd again.

Loud howl'd the storm around her head,  
Tremendous thunders roar'd,  
Loud shriek'd the spirits of the dead,  
And rain in torrents pour'd.

Her heart o'erwhelm'd with dread despair,  
She begg'd an early grave :  
Relenting heaven heard her prayer,  
And took the life it gave.

C. J.

*Broad-Street, No. 38.*

**NEW-YORK : PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, NO. 90, WILLIAM-STREET,**  
**WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS**  
**PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.**

*The following is given in a late London publication as the production of John Edmund Harwood, at present of the New-York Theatre.*

*It was written on board the George Barclay, when on the passage to America, adapted to the German Hymn of Pleyel, and executed with a full band and chorus by the gentlemen of the Philadelphia theatrical company.* [Chron.

### A HYMN.

*WRITTEN AFTER A STORM AT SEA.*

**F**AITHER of Heaven to thee we raise,  
Marked by thy kind peculiar care,  
Our songs of thankfulness and praise ;  
To thee ascends the grateful prayer.

Thou didst direct the gentlest breath,  
That o'er the sleeping waters stole ;  
Thine is the dreadful voice of death,  
In which thy angry thunders roll.

Father of all, 'tis thine to give,  
Not what our erring prayers demand ;  
With joy thy blessings we receive,  
And bow beneath thy chastening hand.

*For the Weekly Visitor.*

### TO MARY.

**W**HEN my heart is distress'd and my spirits are low,  
And sighs mark my agoniz'd mind,  
I repair to my love as the soother of woe,  
And the balm my distress has divin'd.

Her eye so benevolent beams on my view,  
Ev'ry transport of wretchedness fades  
And the smiles on her features such pleasures renew,  
That my soul each with rapture pervades.

Around her bright form an invisible charm,  
A foe to dread misery's reign,  
Dispels ev'ry object that gives an alarm,  
Or excites a sensation of pain.

M. B.

*[From the Boston Weekly Magazine.]*

### EPIGRAM.

*To a Physician.*

You say you doctor'd me, when lately ill,  
To prove you did not,—I am living still.



### N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns ; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey ; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Potumats, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips ; cures roughness and chop., leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be half only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

### TUITION.

*The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact no pay.*

W. D. LEZELL.

### WHITES & CHARTERS.

#### PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church, Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Pianos Fortes of superior quality intone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.